

quith, much better known by her maiden name of Tennant, for Miss Margot Tennant was easily recognized in the heroine of that book of short-lived celebrity, "Dodo," which it appeared some years ago and created a mild sensation in the United States as well as in England.

"Dodo" undoubtedly made Miss Tennant's name known far and wide, but for all that more honored than to receive the invitation of a duchess. To her gladly came the great men and the most brilliant and beautiful women of the time, and her home is a center for the learned, the witty and the famous. Yet her own accomplishments are few. She speaks several languages and is widely read, but that is all. As the eleventh child of Sir Charles Tennant she received



PORTRAIT MRS. ASQUITH.

It ludicrously misrepresented her and failed to do justice to the true abilities of this really remarkable young woman in whose name can be put forward several claims to consideration. First and foremost, Mrs. Asquith was one of the very few women outside the circle of his own nearest feminine relatives to whom Gladstone gave a truly beautiful friendship and devotion.

She was perhaps the only woman with the exception of his wife and daughters with whom he loved to talk, when he resorted to his library which he worked and to whose opinions and ideas he listened with pleasure and respect. She was always treated far more like a daughter than a guest at Harward both by the great man and his wife, and all the more interesting is this association when one considers not only the vast disparity between their ages, but between this grave statesman and the most frivolous woman in London society.

However that may be, Miss Margot Tennant was invariably pointed out to miranda as the protégée of the grand old man, and as the woman who dated by in the face of all the most sacred traditions on which the British maiden modeled her deportment. It is no secret that Miss Tennant on making her debut in London quickly observed the methods by which the American girl conquers and foreign gentlemen. To observe her was to imitate, and though she fairly outdid the most free-spirited young American by her lively sallies, her defiance of many honored conventions and almost boyish ways, she gained her point and bravely broke down many of the tiresome, useless barriers behind which the young unmarried Englishwoman was hedged in.

The British matron held up her hands in horror and fought for her old prerogatives, but Miss Tennant won the day and gained a social freedom for the young people of her sex and position that had never been known before in London society. For a number of seasons she fairly held the reins in her own hands, and fearful was the end predicted for her by the gossips. In spite of her shocking Americanisms she counted the leading statesmen, men of literary, scientific and musical fame, in her train, and her appearance in the ladies' gallery of the House of Commons gave zest to whatever debate was on hand. She was the creator of a semi-mystic, semi-literary society called the "Souls," and with Mr. Arthur Balfour as her lieutenant in the movement, she gathered some of the best minds in England about her.

In time the newspapers came to seriously chronicle the doings of Miss Margot Tennant as they would those of the queen and the prime minister, and when the irate conservatives in society were at end of all patience with this gay, clever, sarcastic little Phillistine, she overturned all their predictions by giving her hand in marriage to one of the ablest and most serious young politicians, Mr. Asquith. As if to prove the infinite variety of her talents, Mrs. Asquith set herself down at the duties of wifehood and motherhood and showed as marked a capacity for these graver callings as for the lightest frivolities.

Gossiping dowagers, who predicted dire misery for whomsoever she might marry, have been amazed to see her assume a stately position as a matron in society. To be bidden to her days at home, to her literary luncheons or to her dinners is to be

a goodly portion at her marriage, but no great fortune. In a roomful of beautiful women she is almost insignificant. Her husband will probably never be prime minister and his far from a millionaire, and yet Mrs. Asquith is by right of her wit, her quick sympathy, her courage and her career the woman in London who commands a position duchesses might envy and wield an influence that few princesses know.

MADAME VOYNICH.

A Quiet Student Who Composes Slowly and with Fastidious Care. When that vigorous and moving story, "The Gaddy," was first published in this country, its readers—and they were many—professed open belief that the author, Voynich, could be none other than a man. "Women do not write like that," was the assertion of the majority, but this time the majority were at once right and wrong. Women do not as a rule write with so reserved yet passionate and convincing a pen as gave us "The Gaddy," yet for all that, Ethel Lillian Voynich is a woman, not a Russian, as many insisted. Some thirty-three years ago she was born in Ireland, of English parents and all her education was gained in London schools.

According to Mrs. Voynich's own straightforward confession her life has been singularly free from startling incidents, and there is nothing that distresses and annoys her more than the two assertions, freely and frequently made, that large portions of her famous novel and many of its characters were drawn from life, and that her husband's history is brimful of tragic incidents. The only piece of actual history in my novel is the account of the conveying of firearms for the Lombardo-Venetian rising, from Southampton to Leghorn and across Tuscany to Brisiaglia and Pienza; and the only historical person is the smuggler, Marco, personally in their old age. One of them is a Roman peasant, has lately died at the age of 87 in great poverty and utterly neglected and forgotten, after having done more for Italy than many persons to whose memory she has put up monuments.

"It is my first attempt," says Mrs. Voynich, "for fearing to produce immature work, I confined myself for some years to translating chiefly from Russian literature. When I at last started my novel it took me a long time to write, especially as the subject demanded some study of an obscure and indeed almost unexplored page of Italian history—the work of the intrepid and heroic 'seeds' in the Four Legations. Arthur, the hero of 'The Gaddy,' is an entirely imaginary person. Both the plot and characters of the book are purely fictitious. The only piece of actual history in my novel is the account of the conveying of firearms for the Lombardo-Venetian rising, from Southampton to Leghorn and across Tuscany to Brisiaglia and Pienza; and the only historical person is the smuggler, Marco, personally in their old age. One of them is a Roman peasant, has lately died at the age of 87 in great poverty and utterly neglected and forgotten, after having done more for Italy than many persons to whose memory she has put up monuments.

"It is only fair to say that his poverty was, to some extent, voluntary; he had been offered a pension as a reward for having saved Garibaldi's life at the risk of his own. This pension he refused, saying he worked for Italy, not for money. The old man's name was Luigi Bassani."

Speaking of her future work, Mrs. Voynich confesses to collecting material for a new story. She is going to Cracow with a view to studying certain features of Polish life, but she warns her publishers that she is so slow a writer that no promises can be made, and they must wait on their own good time. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Voynich is a scrupulously conscientious and enthusiastic artist, keenly self-critical and never letting a page pass from her keeping until it represents the most perfect achievement of her talent. All this earnest devotion and artistic pride, coupled with charming simplicity of manner and modesty of mind, are shown in her candid dark eyes, her resolute mouth, her ample, square forehead and even in her exquisitely clear, compact handwriting.

of the same color, rather than of ribbon in contrast. Cherries mixed with their own blossoms decorate red straw hats, and to perfect the scheme of color a scarf of red silk spotted with white is effective.

Large orders have been placed with manufacturers for lustrous white corded silks and heavy but soft-finished cream and ivory-white satins for evening toilets next season.

Very pretty waists classed with shirt waists are made of linen batiste with bands of lace insertion between groups of tucks down the front and back where the waist fastens. The collar is simply a transparent band of lace with cords long enough to tie in a bow.

Pink in every tint and tone will be in great use this autumn and winter for evening gowns for youthful wearers, for dressy opera toques and bonnets, for trimmings and linings for round hats, and for lining velvet and cream-cloth capes for ball and theater wear.

Earrings are threatened again and the special design which may prove irresistible is called "ear flowers." They are a little flower-shaped set with diamonds and pearls to accentuate the curves of the lobe of the ear and fastened in some mysterious way which is not visible.

The new millinery is watered across the width in irregular stripes and the lattice-work pattern seems to be one of the season's favorites for both plain and moiré. Basket checks are woven in some of the new autumn silks, which have small broad pattern scattered over them.

Plaid muslins are found in lovely combinations, such as pink and cream, apple green and white, and black and white. Two beautiful and uncommon designs recently seen were a pale heliotrope with two shades of pink, and a deep yellow containing a touch of orange combined with white.

A corset made of rubber is adapted for the use of women who are learning to swim. This corset is cut on the same principle as all corsets and made double so that the air space between the two thicknesses may be blown up and serve to present a flat appearance to the figure, but also to buoy it up and give confidence to the timid.

A novelty just now is the muffer belt, which is a large silk handkerchief made into a girdle. There are two designs, one being narrow and the other broad, like a girdle. The belt is made by folding a brilliant silk square into a narrow band, measuring about forty inches from corner to corner when stretched out. This band is carried around the waist and knotted at the side in two flowing ends of gold or silver. This makes a unique and pretty finish for a waist.

Bangles of oxidized silver, ornamented with small, appropriate quotations from Shakespeare in old English letters, are one of the novelties in jewelry. But if you really want a supply of wisdom beyond your years, just wear a diamond and a Buddha set in diamonds, or, better still, a frog set in jewels, which will bring you good health and much happiness.

There are many designs in history from which to choose. With low shoes the correct thing to wear is embroidered stockings. Some shown are black, embroidered with yellow or white fleur-de-lis. Red stockings will be popular, and also embroidered in white or with a white check or plaid. Now that the war is fairly on blue stockings embroidered in white stars are decidedly popular.

FEMINE PERSONALS.

The oldest daughter of Charles Kingsley, Miss Rose Kingsley, has been made an Officer de l'Instruction Publique by the French government.

Dr. Gertrude Haley, a distinguished physician of Melbourne, Australia, has been appointed one of the anatomy demonstrators in Melbourne university.

The queen regent of Spain is a descendant of William the Silent, the most formidable defender of the Netherlands in their long war against Spanish oppression.

Frances Willard once wrote to a friend who had just lost a daughter: "Dear Sister Anna, how much richer you are than I! Here I sit alone without a child to die, while you are mother to an angel."

Miss Alberta Scott of Cambridge, Mass., has the distinction of being the first colored graduate and the first of her sex and race trained entirely in the schools of Massachusetts to be graduated this year from Radcliffe college.

Miss Emilie Wagner of Baltimore, formerly a student at the Peabody conservatory and a graduate of the Woman's college of Baltimore, has established a conservatory of music in a New York tenement house with the idea of interesting the poor and ignorant in music.

Mary Anderson de Navarro, for all that was once said about her aspirations, is apparently anxious now to let the public know that she acted for a living and not for any love of art or artistic ambition. She has been talking lately about the stage and her present life and says, among other things: "When I sit down to dinner now I have to rub my face all over with grease, and I am thankful for the change."

LABOR AND INDUSTRY.

A Lawrence (Mass.) mill has an electric trolley locomotive. The Alabama Steel and Shipbuilding company has been organized at Birmingham.

Ala., with N. E. Barker of Birmingham as president, and with a capital stock of \$100,000, and authority to issue \$1,100,000 of bonds.

The Paragon mills, Cedarstown, Ga., will put in 10,000 mule spindles. The cow butter people in England have been trying to procure legislation of force to butterfly, but they have not succeeded.

The experiment of utilizing colored labor in southern cotton mills is being watched with much interest by textile manufacturers all over the country, and many of them have seen but little encouraging prospects in that direction.

The Canadian wood pulp industry, which ten years ago was of such small dimensions as to be practically trivial, has now an annual output of over \$1,000,000, and the quality matches the quantity. Canadian pulp is sold in England.

The value of the merchandise exported last month for consumption in the Dominion of Canada was \$9,887,256, and the duty collected was \$1,786,572. The value of the free goods entered was \$1,786,572. The total export amount to \$10,513,210, of which \$9,583,530 worth was the produce of Canada.

The electric locomotives to be used by the London Underground railway have been made in this country. The award of this contract to American manufacturers, in preference to competitive English bidders, was considered a notable proof of our superiority in the department of electrical engineering.

A great advantage to German manufacturers who cater to the export trade, has been secured by the German experts who were recently sent to China and Japan to collect samples, which have been placed on exhibition in Berlin. The exhibit is open only to those who want to trade with eastern countries, and is an object lesson, showing what articles are used by the natives; the prices at which the garments, goods, etc., are sold are made known to the German manufacturer, and having both samples and prices before him, he can readily estimate whether or not he can manufacture for the eastern market at a profit.

A Massachusetts statute provides: Every man employed, and every workshop in which five or more children, young persons or women are employed shall, and every work in which he shall not become so exhausted or injured as to be injurious to the health of the person employed therein, and shall also be so ventilated as to prevent the air from becoming so impure as to be injurious to the health of the person employed therein, and shall also be so carried on thereunder which may be injurious to health.

Nearly 20,000,000 tons of freight passed into and out of Lake Superior last year, its tonnage being approximately \$20,000,000. This was an increase on the preceding year of 25 per cent. The proportion carried in Canadian ships was only one-thirty-eighth of the total.

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RELIGIOUS.

Glasgow used twenty buildings for the recent Christian Endeavor convention in the city.

Of Harvard's graduating class, numbering 468, twelve only expect to enter the Christian ministry.

It is stated that the American Methodists are making the most aggressive and successful Christian workers in England.

The orthodox Jews are said to represent 600,000 out of 650,000 Hebrews in this country. The rest are what are termed the "Reform" Jews.

The vote of the Free Church of Scotland in favor of union with the United Presbyterian church was 485 in favor and 41 against. It is thought the union will be effected.

Major Whittell at Chickamauga states that he has distributed \$900 Snankey hymn books and has written for 5,000 more. The soldiers sing from them all over the camp.

The missionary boards of the Presbyterian, Congregational, Episcopal, Methodist and Baptist churches are preparing for comity and union of action in working among the new fields which the war is opening up.

The present Chinese minister, accredited to our government by the Celestial potentate, is a Christian. He was educated in England and was converted and baptized into one of the Presbyterian churches of London.

David Hillhouse Buel, the only son of the late General David H. Buel, who fought with distinction during the civil war, has been ordained to the Catholic priesthood in Woodstock, Md., by Cardinal Gibbons.

His father was a member of the class of '61 at West Point, which was graduated ahead of time, and his grandfather, Dr. Buel, was a well known Episcopal clergyman.

The last volume of the Woman's bible, edited by Elizabeth Cady Stanton and twenty-four other women, has just been issued. The main object of this edition is not to give a more literal translation of the Hebrew and the Greek, but to expurgate from the bible all that does not coincide with the views of women entertained by Mrs. Stanton and her associates.

CLOSE CALLS IN WAR TIMES

Private Dalzell Relates Some Thrilling Incidents of the Civil War.

MODELS FOR OUR MODERN HEROES

Remarkable Escape from the Burning Sultan—Strong Sam Coffee and How He Did Not Go Back to Andersonville.

I have in my memory exploits of comrades whose names were never gazetted yet, writes Private Dalzell in the Washington Post, and I must tell you readers about them, that they may compare them with any—the boldest and bravest that the present war can ever furnish.

Everybody remembers the burning of the Sultan, when over 2,000 men sank to the bottom of the river to rise no more—a calamity to which the Maine disaster is as nothing by comparison. Released from confinement, skeleton on their way home, the war over and peace come at last, in a moment more than 2,000 union soldiers found themselves blown up in the river where it was a mile to the shore. It was a terrible scene on a terrible night, this catastrophe, where the loss of life was far greater than in most of the great battles of the war on either side.

Between Fire and Water. I knew the soldier well; he lived in Newark, O., and he told the story to Governor Lyon and me many years ago. It was this: After the roar and shock of the explosion he saw the flash of fire that enveloped him and for the first time he had only been thrown out of his bunk and was not in the water. It was a trying moment. He must decide quickly—drown or burn, that was the question, for he could not swim a lick, and what was he to do? If he jumped out through a window, he would be burned alive. If he remained he would be burned alive—a terrible alternative.

His eyes fell on a long box lying near, and in a flash he took it all in—it contained a huge alligator some soldier was taking home as a souvenir of the war. His first thought was, "I will bring that out and jump after it, and maybe float away." But no—a lightning reflection followed—the weight of the monster will sink the box—no hope there. What next? The water full of shrieking men, the flames rising, the ammunition exploding, the vessel settling. It was a veritable pandemonium, a poor place for the exercise of self-deliberation. But he was master of the situation—he had been through Andersonville, and in that school of trying ordeals he learned to think and act clearly and coolly, even in the face of dangers like these. It well might appal and distract the poorest intellect. He was decided at once—that box must be broken up, the alligator pulled out and thrown into the river, and he would throw the empty box out and float away on it. But there was nothing to break it open with. He could not do it with his naked hands, and a hammer or ax there was none in sight. What could he do but stay and burn, or jump and drown?

Another Unhoned Hero. Another glance, and in that glance he spied a big piece of iron lying close by, and quick as thought he raised it to strike the box a titanic blow that must split it wide open? But hold—what if instead of the tail he should uncover the alligator's head? Well, it was only death any way, and soldier-like, he would take his chances. The blow fell, the box was smashed in, and the tail instead of the head appeared. Pulling it out he flung it into the water, then the box after, and jumped.

Down, down, down, until he thought there was no bottom; but presently rose, and started madly for the box, but no box was there! Down again and up, when, wonderful to relate, he grabbed the box and began to kick away, knowing he might be drawn down into the vortex when the vessel sank, as soon it must and did. Some few on doors, timbers, tables, chairs, around him, screaming or calling wildly; the flames high in air showing the far-off shores and the dark lines of cypress on their banks and he floated on and on, and in a few moments he had lurched, thinned and sank out of sight and all was darkness—soon all silence—as he floated with the current as if borne by fate on that rude ark of safety and deliverance for hours till daylight came, when some friendly negroes—when were they anything but friendly to the soldier—spied him from the shore and came to his rescue, when he was numb and half dead with cold almost to the heart. He was saved at last and lived to celebrate the silver anniversary of his Grand Army of the Republic with us in Washington and then passed away to join the noble comrades of the Sultan, who died that awful night.

Another Unhoned Hero. Another hero whose name never was in print and whose blue blouse was unadorned by epaulet or strap was Sam Coffee of company I, Twenty-fifth Ohio, one of the fighting regiments, with great losses in the rebellion. Sam was a huge, strong young farmer and probably no man, not even the strongest and most athletic in the army, could have laid Sam on his back at any time. It would take a good man to do that yet, for he lives quietly on his farm near Gettysburg, O. after four years of steady service in the ranks of a regiment that made a star record in the civil war. He never tells the story I am about to relate—never swears that he ever did anything heroic or extraordinary. Not at all, for the moment self-consciousness sets in heroism or other virtue takes its leave.

While campaigning in South Carolina the confederates caught Sam and took him to Andersonville, where, hard as it was to do, he soon effected his escape. He was followed closely by bloodhounds and once was only saved from capture by facing two of these brutes boldly by a pile of stones he had gathered for the purpose and killing both outright with the stones he hurled with the strength of desperation.

He rejoined the command near Resaca and was out one day on a mule foraging, when suddenly rounding a sharp curve in the road he found his face to face in the very midst of a galloping squadron of confederate cavalry. The moment he saw them coming so closely he reined the stubborn mule back so quickly that, in trying to turn round, the creature fell down and Sam's legs were caught fast under the brute, which was too lazy and mean to rise up. In a trice a carbine was aimed at him and he had surrendered, a prisoner again, for how could he get away from there with a lazy and contrary mule on both his legs?

An officer called out to one of the men of the troop against all heroic comers, was Mac Thera, still living near Dudley, O., a plain, modest farmer, who served that April, 1861, till April, 1865, and longer, and participated in as many great battles of the war as any other soldier of his rank; for he, too, belonged to the fighting Twenty-fifth Ohio; was never on furlough, never absent, never sick, never wounded, and never shirked a duty.

IN THE SEA OF FEMALE WEAKNESS

Women Grasp Frantically at Straws to Keep Above the Gulf of Despair.

There is A Remarkable Remedy That Cures all Women's Diseases and a Free Trial Package is Mailed Free to All.



For every condition that makes a woman miserable, pale, sickly, wrinkled and faded, a trial package of an absolutely unfailing remedy is mailed free to all who write.

Worry, anxiety, sleepless nights, fever that betokens pain and sickness, frightful headaches, painful monthly sickness, dragging sensations, fallen or displaced womb, leucorrhoea, aches and despair—all of these wearisome and harassing conditions are positively cured by this marvelous remedy.

It is an extremely unfortunate fact that ladies continue to suffer rather than expose their frail condition. They dread the doctor's examination, and have much to suffer from a possible operation that rather than face such an ordeal, they would rather have the disease. And it has never been thoroughly proven but what she is correct in her reasoning. But all this is done away with in this new form of remedy which any lady can use herself privately at home and thus secure all the benefits and as complete a cure as her former hopes could wish for. Experience, however, has shown that nearly every woman has tried many medicines without relief. They have also been under the care of physicians without material benefit. Many have traveled and sought freedom in change of climate, while such of those who under the stress of great pain have become hysterical and irresponsible and taken their own lives to end their misery.

Considering all these various conditions and circumstances it cannot be wondered that the remedy which has cured so many and positively refused to believe that there is a remedy that can turn her life toward the sunshine.

It is for this reason that Hazeline is sent free to try. And this free trial brings such an emphatic relief, such a feeling of unusual freedom and has such a remarkable action in loosening the tightness that

drags and tugs at the vitals as to immediately denote that here is the exact remedy for a condition which seemed incurable.

Mrs. M. Beck of 155 William St., Newark, N. J., was cured after suffering ten years with painful menstruation, inflamed ovaries, bladder trouble and many other distressing ailments.

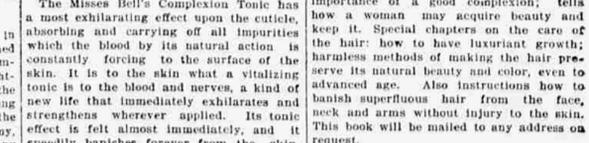
Mrs. Louise Dressing of Elberfeld, Warrick Co., Ind., says she is so thankful to be cured after 12 years of frightful suffering that she is willing to do or say anything that will help spread the knowledge of wonderful Hazeline. It cured Mrs. Chas. Wellbrauch of Sandusky, O., after she had been given up for dead. The many other all her friends, she lives corner Maple and Tyler Sts., Miss Minnie Williams 1017 Avenue M., South Chicago, Ill., says there is no reason why girls and married ladies should have painful menstruation when they can use Hazeline and be cured. Mrs. Conrad Frisch of Fresno, Cal., was cured by Hazeline and she declares it is the grandest medicine in the world. Mrs. Lina Fortz of Thayer, Mo., suffered six years and a single box of Hazeline gave her back the health she enjoyed in her girlhood days. Mrs. Lina Hinzinger, 1023 Broadway, Brooklyn, N. Y., Mrs. Louise Baehr, 614 Carnegie St., Pittsburg, Pa., Mrs. F. L. Priole, Gaylord, Minn., Mrs. Fred Struck, Wisconsin, Ind., and Mrs. Margaret Schlotter of Constance, Neb., and among many hundreds of others whose cases of long standing and painful severities were cured by this marvelous remedy.

Send your name to Hazeline, the Hartzell Co., 220 Treasurer Block, South Bend, Ind., and they will forward by prepaid mail a free trial package of Hazeline. Send for it. Send today. Do so no matter if you are so doubtful that you are utterly discouraged. This remedy will cure you and there is absolutely no doubt about it. Write today without fail. In case you prefer to begin treatment at once you can obtain a full sized package at your druggist for \$1.00.

FREE ONE FREE TRIAL BOTTLE FREE

THIS OFFER ALMOST SURPASSES BELIEF. An External Tonic Applied to the Skin Beautifies It As by Magic. The Discovery of the Age

A WOMAN WAS THE INVENTOR.



Thousands have tried from time immemorial to discover some efficacious remedy for wrinkles and other imperfections of the complexion, but none had yet succeeded until the Misses Bell, of the now famous Complexion Specialists, 78 Fifth Avenue, New York City, offered the public their wonderful Complexion Tonic.

The reason so many failed to make this discovery before is plain, because they have not followed the right principle. Balms, Creams, Lotions, etc., never have a tonic effect upon the skin, hence the failures.

The Misses Bell's Complexion Tonic has a most exhilarating effect upon the cuticle, absorbing and carrying off all impurities which the blood by its natural action is constantly forcing to the surface of the skin. It is to the skin what a vitalizing tonic is to the blood and nerves, a kind of new life that immediately exhilarates and strengthens wherever applied. Its tonic effect is felt almost immediately, and it speedily banishes forever from the skin, freckles, pimples, blackheads, moth patches, wrinkles, liver spots, roughness, oiliness, eruptions and discolorations of any kind.

In order that all may be benefited by their Great Discovery, the Misses Bell will, during the present month, give to all call—

THE MISSES BELL, 78 Fifth Ave., New York City.

grinned fearfully, as if it gave him great pain, which it did not, for he was not a bit hurt. "The moment I got hold of his hands," said Sam once after, with a grim smile showing his strong white teeth, "the moment I got a grip on his paws I saw he was my meat, and I grabbed him like a vise and flung him to the earth till I had broken the strength of ten men in me," and before the confed could rise, Sam grasped the carbine, reversed it, and swung it back over his shoulder, and the confederate man's head with such force and violence as to literally knock his brains out at the first blow, and then Sam fled to the woods and in a few hours was safe once more in our camp. He never went back to Andersonville.

Another hero, unnamed in song or story, but one who could match any I have record as a soldier against all heroic comers, was Mac Thera, still living near Dudley, O., a plain, modest farmer, who served that April, 1861, till April, 1865, and longer, and participated in as many great battles of the war as any other soldier of his rank; for he, too, belonged to the fighting Twenty-fifth Ohio; was never on furlough, never absent, never sick, never wounded, and never shirked a duty.

It was at Gettysburg, the third day, well on in the afternoon, when Pickett charged, and Mac was there, sure enough, and by his side his closest comrade, Harry Shaw, as gallant and brave as Mac, but not so strong and athletic; for Mac was and is a giant. So close were the enemy to the part of the stone wall over which Mac and Harry, close together, were fring, that a big Johnny reached over and caught Harry, and by sheer bodily superiority was drawing him over on the confederate side of the wall when Mac's quick eye took in the situation, and like a flash of lightning closed his fingers on the enemy's arm, and he clubbed his musket and brought it down with such terrible force and effect on the devoted head of the Johnny that he crushed his skull like an egg-shell, and Harry laughed, and they both resumed firing at the foe! Mac never told the story, but Harry did. They were like David and Jonathan—close neighbors, close friends, till Harry died a few years ago. Mac often visited Harry in his last sickness. A dead-shot still, Mac would go out and kill a squirrel and bring it in quietly to make broth for his poor comrade. He would talk with every day to see him. He didn't talk much, such men don't. But you would have seen those old comrades look at each other. Such confidence and respect in their mutual glances as none can show but eyes that together have watched the red glare of war, and met it with sternness and composure. After Harry died, Mac followed closely up to the cemetery, and when all were gone he quietly slipped back and planted a tree close to the grave of his comrade.

Don't be without a bottle of Cook's Imperial Champagne in your house. There is nothing better to entertain with.

Annual Sales over 6,000,000 Boxes. BEECHAM'S PILLS FOR BILIOUS AND NERVOUS DISORDERS. FOR WEAK STOMACH, IMPAIRED DIGESTION, DISORDERED LIVER IN MEN, WOMEN OR CHILDREN. Beecham's Pills are Without a Rival. LARGEST SALE of any Patent Medicine in the World. Sold at all Drug Stores.



THE AUTHOR OF "THE GADFLY."